

Amelia woke up but closed her eyes again while touching her head while trying to lay her head down on her pillow in a comfortable position

She was on a rock floor wearing her school uniform

The door of her room opened making the sound of the air being pushed out and the footsteps following it up

After she feels a sharp pain on her head she squeals and puts her arm on her head

She thought it was her dad hitting her but when she opened her eyes... nobody was there

She hoped the footsteps was a dream but reminded herself it's never a dream

She turns around and sees a face no less than a cm away from her face

"What do you have to say for yourself"

" ... "

"HM?!"

The man in front of her stared at her in dead silence for a long time before she replied

“I shouldn’t have slipped”

“not good enough”

she leaves her room trying to keep herself steady  
She had red marks on her face

She had a mix of irritation in her red eyes and sad  
expression on her bloody mouth

She wanted to get in the kitchen but not before  
peeking around the corner if someone was there

It was a woman

She walked away

The woman screamed at her but she ignored it

After grabbing her bag and putting on her shoes  
she walked out of her home towards the school

Before walking to the opposite path where she met  
a boy named Mike, he was a scrawny kid wearing a  
red cap blue jeans and a red coat with white cubes  
on it

“I told you should’ve slept outside”

“I’m still afraid a wolf will come by and wake me up before biting away at my insides”

“you don’t live in a forest Amelia even if it’s near, if you were you would’ve gotten rid of your p... those... people already”

“It’s okay you can say the word, it’s just that I don’t like using it”

“I had a small heart attack for a second, as I meant to say in the forest your parents would only have the trees and rabbits to scream to while getting stabbed

I know I sound like a broken record at this point but if my parents were the way yours are I would’ve done SOMETHING about it”

“they still look like people, with faces that hide their true thoughts I can’t just... do that

I’m not a psychopath”

“well you better become one because that red mark on your face is going to reach the centre of your skull one day... sorry I had a rough night yesterday if I sounded too harsh”

“Can we just talk about what we came here for?!”

“Right... sorry”

“no no no It was just me I should be sorry... about...”

Amelia was looking around glancing her eyes at things she could've been distracted by while putting her hand on her head until she could reply with

“oh also thanks for the pillow”

“You don't need to thank me any normal person would've done the same”

“but you aren't”

“Don't overhype it I was never a good kind, even at the start of the conversation you saw how my emotion took over me instead of me ignoring it

I'm not normal

Normal don't make mistakes that they hold to be true”

this isn't interesting

I can barely call the script passable

I don't know what kind of fun adventure or a new world I could come up with because those ideas don't come to me

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Amelia and mike would go to the forest under ground into a bunker that he found

He thought there were stacks of cash that he saw through a key hole that they planned to break into when they got in there was no money in sight

It was a very old bunker judging by the foliage and the old posters attached to the walls

She needed it to buy airplane tickets to get away from her family for good

Then they heard the... wood steps?

It sounded like a heavy sound of wood bashing against the ground getting closer and closer from a cave next to the bedroom that they were in

A white face entered their view up 9 feet high

From the shadows came out a clown

The clown had a normal body proportion but his arms were stretched out down to his feet bending in an unusual way as if he had no bones

His fingers were as long as a hand with sharp tips and bony edges

His jaw was stretched down to his chest as well as his mouth, his open mouth had a darkness inside it, you could see the form of his teeth pressing against the skin of his mouth

He had a black birthday hat with white strips and a white top that had a broken lamp on it

He had white skin and black triangles around his eyes, his black pupils and veins on his eyes blending with the black triangles

wooden poles at the bottom both of his feet that was keeping him up and a noose around his neck that was attached to wheels on the ceiling which had its own railway which cut off exactly behind at where his bed room was so he was stuck in the dark hallway

The clown had black tears flowing down like a water fall in the shape of a river and he would be very shaky

One of his arms holding the string above his neck

He was trying to speak but the only sound he could make was frequencies of “o” and “u” because his tongue, teeth and his lips couldn’t reach one another

He lifted his long arm and pinter his finger on his mouth and then his Tommy

They were about to leave but before they did the clown pulled out an empty can of beans and pointed his finger to that afterwards

She realized the clown wasn't after them or their flesh but just hungry

She didn't think the clown could do anything worse than her own parents because the worst he could do is kill her which would only relieve her

And she related to him quite a bit judging by how he was literally constrained and if he crossed the line to his bedroom his comfort he'd die

Her friend would actually hear her out and remind himself that clowns were only scary in fiction and the fact that the clown wouldn't make himself look scary on purpose therefore the people who brought him there would be the ones doing the dirty work to keep people away from him and have him stay there miserably



The clown wouldn't be a monster

He'd actually just be a kind giant but he would cope with his negative feelings in an unhealthy way after he'd be freed

He'd need to be taught by the girl why he was doing the wrong thing and how to fix it

The posters looked hand drawn in the ww2 era

And when they'd be let into the dark corridor they'd see a rack which was the only thing lit in his kitchen

There were rows and rows and rows of boxes filled with empty cans of the exact same canned food

And the rack also had a machine next to it which had a shape of a mouth grabber and a wheel meant to be turned after someone would put it on

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